

Now trip in sportive ring,
 See Innocence
 Your chief defence!
 Come! merrily dance and sing.

The Season's yours
 That joy infuses,
 Bring every tuneful sound;
 'Tis Youth invites
 With pure delights,
 Come! merrily dance around.

And while the morn of life supplies
 Fresh flowrets every hour,
 To cull their various beauties rise,
 And rifle every bower;
 Let Chaplets fine
 Her brows entwine,

The prettiest in the ring!
 The Spring's perfume,
 And Flora's bloom,
 Come! merrily dance and sing.

The sport would have continued longer, but it was interrupted by a noise that was heard in the wood; a little old woman came out of it and approached our pretty dancers. The girls were at first very much terrified, and wished to run away; but the affable air of the old woman, and the soft-